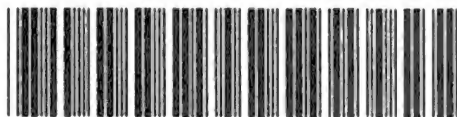




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SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

“The Prophet David having therefore singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the House of God. In which consideration the Church of Christ doth likewise retain them as an ornament to God’s service, and a help to our own devotion.

Hooker’s Ecc. Pol.

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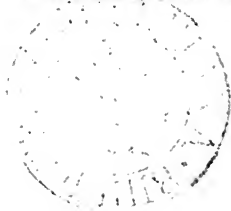
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TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
CHARLES RICHARD,

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

THIS SELECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS,
IS WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION DEDICATED
BY HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE inducements which have led to the publication of the following Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship, may be very briefly stated. Almost every similar volume contains many beautiful compositions ; but with these are mixed others of a more or less objectionable nature ; hymns for example in which familiar appellations are addressed to the supreme Being ; or others which though well adapted for private devotion, as being the expression of personal feelings, are altogether unfit for public use. An attempt has been made in the present compilation to exclude whatever appeared liable to these objections. The rule by which they have been tried, is their agreement in tone and spirit, with the congregational services of the Church of England.

A second inducement to the undertaking was found in the kindness of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, in consenting to revise the Selection, and thereby afford to the present volume the same recommendation which has been already extended to a publication of the same kind in the province of York.

The proportion of Psalms to other compositions is somewhat smaller than is usually exhibited in such volumes. This has arisen both from the difficulty of finding them in suitable versions, and because such as they may be found they are already in the hands of every congregation at the end of their Common Prayer-Books. A further reason is that many of those compositions which in other selections are entitled "Psalms," are here deprived of that appellation, because they do not adhere with sufficient faithfulness to the original to enable them to be considered as versions of Holy Scripture.

In the appendix, with some which escaped

notice in printing, have been thrown together a few compositions of a more private nature, suitable for example for sacramental meetings between a pastor and his flock.

*Brighstone Rectory, Isle of Wight,
June, 1832.*

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

MORNING HYMNS.

1.

L.M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake and light up thyself my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

2.

L.M.

- 1 AWAKE, awake, ye heav'nly choir ;
May your devotion us inspire ;
That we like you our age may spend ;
Like you may on our God attend.
- 2 May we like you, in God delight,
Have all day long our God in sight,
Perform like you, our Maker's will—
O may we never more do ill!
- 3 Lord, we our vows to thee renew ;
Scatter our sins as morning dew ;
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself our spirits fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say ;
'That all our pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 Praise God, &c.

3.

L.M.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise ;
And like a giant doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 Oh ! like the sun, may we fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep our heav'nly way.

- 3 Lord, thy commands, are clean and pure,
Give heav'nly light to darken'd eyes ;
Thy threat'ning just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give us thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to thy bliss ;
All our desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

4.

S.M.

Psalm xix.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
To it may all men trust.
- 4 Our gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n ;
O may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n !

5.

C.M.

- 1 LORD in the morning thou shalt hear
Our voice ascending high ;
To thee will we direct our pray'r,
To thee devoutly cry,
- 2 To that blest world where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Oft to thy house will we resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
We will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide our feet
In ways of truth and grace !
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before our face.

6.

L.M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath bless'd
The day to us in mercy giv'n—
The holy sabbath of his rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heav'n.
- 2 This day within thy courts, O Lord !
Thy people love to seek thy face,
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
Unfold their wants, implore thy grace.

3 May we the blest assembly join ;
 To God devote the sacred day ;
 Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
 Look up to heav'n and learn the way.

4 May we by ev'ry sabbath grow
 In grace, humility, and love ;
 Thus by thy holy rest below,
 Made fitter for thy rest above.

7.

L.M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
 On this thy day in this thy house ;
 Accept as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbath's Lord, we love
 But there's a nobler rest above,
 O that we may that rest attain !
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

3 In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be,
 From ev'ry mortal trouble free ;
 No sighs shall mingle with the song,
 Which there shall rise from ev'ry tongue.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

8.

S.M.

- 1 WELCOME glad day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
O welcome to this thankful breast
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And meets his saints to day,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
Where our bless'd Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of vanity and sin.
- 4 Our willing souls would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And wait the bright and perfect day,
Of everlasting bliss.

9.

P.M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay ;
Come bless the day that God hath bless'd
The type of heav'n's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn,
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He burst the bands of death
 And vanquish'd all our foes
 And now he pleads our cause above
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail ! triumphant Lord !
 Heav'n with hosannas rings,
 And earth with humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings ;
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

10.

L.M.

Psalm xcii.

- 1 SWEET is the work our God and King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No earthly cares shall fill our breast ;
 O may our hearts in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless him for his works and word :
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
 How deep thy counsels, how divine.
- 4 In that eternal world of joy
 Shall ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ ;
 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
 All we desir'd or wish'd below.

11.

C.M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy son :
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

12.

L.M.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, calm our minds,
And fit us to approach our God :
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy bless'd abode.

- 2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of heav'nly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
That we thy presence may desire!
- 3 Impress upon our wand'ring hearts
The love that Christ to sinners bore;
'Then mourn the wounds our sins produc'd,
And our redeeming God adore.

13.

S.M.

Psalm xcv.

- 1 COME sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign Lord,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bounds,
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come as the people of his choice,
And seek your gracious God.

14.

C.M.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love.
- 2 Wake heavenly spirit, wake and breathe
 Upon the drooping field,
That all the church of Christ beneath
 May fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Thee we the Comforter confess ;
 Without thy presence here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
 We utter heartless prayer.

15.

7s.

- 1 IN thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here :
Here thy faithful people meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat !
- 2 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us when thy spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes !

- 3 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name,
In their voices let us own,
Jesus speaking from his throne !

16.

S. M.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy pow'r.
- 2 We meet with one accord,
In this thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The spirit of all grace.
- 3 Spirit of Light ! explore
And chase our gloom away,
With brightness shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.
- 4 Spirit of Truth ! be thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of Adoption ! now
May we be sanctified.

17.

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, thy people love to meet,
And bow before thy mercy-seat :
Whene'er they seek thee, thou art found
Within thy temple's hallow'd ground.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy faithful few !
Thy former mercies here renew :
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The glories of thy saving name.
- 3 Now may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh ! rend the heav'ns, thyself make known
And make our sinful hearts thine own.

18.

C.M.

- 1 BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear,
Approach thy temple gate ;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.
- 2 But trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely giv'n,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heav'n.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor let our footsteps slide :
 Make straight thy path before our face,
 Our guardian still, and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept and cover'd with the shield
 Of thy almighty love.

19.

C.M.

1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own
 And hate what we deplore.

2 When we disclose our wants in pray'r,
 May we our wills resign ;
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine.

3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And lift it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 Which grants it, or denies.

4 When our united voices strive,
 Their cheerful hymns to raise,
 Let love divine within us live,
 And lift our souls in praise.

- 5 Then on thy glories while we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review,
 Till love divine transported tell
 Thou, God, art Father too !

20.

L.M.

Genesis xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 LO ! God is here ! let us adore
 And own how dreadful is this place,
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And humbly bow before his face.
- 2 Lo God is here ! him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing :
 To him enthron'd above all height
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Almighty Father ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do, thy sov'reign will.

21.

C.M.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long,
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him break,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 3 He comes, to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole ;
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thine advent shall proclaim,
And earth and heav'n shall join to sing
The glories of thy name.

22.

7s.

- 1 IN the sun, the moon, the stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be :
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's mighty deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests rise,
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders wake the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear ;
Then upon the thunder cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from that awful face,
Heav'n shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race
Your redemption draweth nigh.

23.

L.M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?
- 2 Come, Jesus! come! return again,
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 Come, Jesus! come! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way;
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day.
- 4 So now may grace with heav'nly show'r
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of pow'r,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

24.

L.M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord,
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let heaven and earth Hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna Lord! thine angels cry,
Hosanna Lord! thy saints reply
Above, beneath us, and around
The dead and living swell the sound.

- 3 Oh ! Saviour with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name
Here we thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid thy spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and fit for thee.
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

25.

L.M.

- 1 THE Lord will come : the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seats forsake,
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same,
As once in lowly form he came ;
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed judge of human kind.

- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride !
Oh God ! is this the crucified ?
- 5 Then sinners shall to rocks complain,
And seek the mountains cleft in vain ;
While faith victorious o'er the tomb,
For joy shall sing, "the Lord is come."

26.

S.M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ;
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will our hearts endure,
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before his face
Astonish'd shrink away.
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead ;
Hark from the Saviour's gracious voice,
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find Salvation there.

27.

P. M.

- 1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending ;
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

28.

C.M.

- 1 JOY to the world ; the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
Let ev'ry creature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While seas and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 He rules the world in truth and peace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

29.

7s.

- 1 BRETHREN ! let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness :
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n.

- 2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise ;
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 4 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy Saints above.

30.

7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing !
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Glory in the highest heav'n,
Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise ;
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace ;
Hail the sun of righteousness ;
Light, and life, and joy he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

- 4 Lo ! he lays his glories by ;
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.
- 5 Let us then with angels sing,
“ Glory to the new-born King ;
Glory in the highest heav’n,
Peace on earth, and man forgiv’n.”

31.

7s.

Isaiah ix. 6.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms of heav’n,
Unto us a son is giv’n.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Pow’r and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity ;
Sire of ages ne’er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

32.

P.M.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Round you shines the heav'nly light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear ;
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

33.

C.M.

1 NOW gracious Lord ! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to come before thy throne,
Pleading a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
 Let mercy set us free !
 And let each year that we begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

34.

C.M.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 HOW quickly pass the narrow bounds,
 Of the revolving year !
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
 How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done
 God's judgement shall survey.
- 3 Waken O God ! each trifling heart
 Its great concern to see !
 That we may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise,
 Or this shall bear the ransom'd soul
 To joy that never dies.

35.

C M.

- 1 THE year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Swift as a river to the sea
We're passing to the grave.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things ;
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death ;
- 5 Waken, O Lord ! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And when our souls are summon'd hence,
May they be found with God.

36.

7s.

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star !
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death :
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare—
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning stars, again
God descends on earth to reign ;
Deigns for man his life t' employ,
Shout ye sons of God for joy.

37.

C.M.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

- 1 GREAT God, before thy throne of grace
We, wretched wand'ers mourn :
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said "return" ?
- 2 And shall our guilty fears prevail,
'To drive us from thy feet ?
Lord, let not this sole refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 3 Absent from thee, our guide, our light,
 Without one cheering ray
 Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate our way !
- 4 Saviour on each benighted heart
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy grace to each impart
 A taste of joys divine.

38.

C.M.

- 1 O LORD! turn not thy face away
 From us who lie prostrate,
 Lamenting sore our sinful life
 Before thy mercy's gate ;
- 2 Which thou dost open wide to those
 That do lament their sin :
 O shut it not against us, Lord !
 But let us enter in.
- 3 Call us not to a strict account,
 How we have lived here ;
 For then we know right well, O Lord !
 Most vile we shall appear.
- 4 O Lord we need not to repeat,
 What now we beg and crave !
 For thou dost know, before we ask
 The thing that we would have,

- 5 Mercy good Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum,
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit,
O let thy mercy come !

39.

L.M.

Psalm li.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ; O Lord forgive !
Lord, let repenting sinners live :
Are not thy mercies large and free,
May not the guilty trust in thee ?
- 2 Our crimes though great, do not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
O wash our souls from ev'ry sin,
And make our guilty conscience clean !
- 3 Our lips with shame our sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
We are condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save us trembling sinners, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

40.

L.M.

Psalm li.

- 1 O THOU ! that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all our crimes before thee lie ;
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

- 2 Though we have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
Let sinners, Lord, come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 3 A broken heart, O God, our King !
Is all the sacrifice we bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise,
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 4 Our souls lie humbled in the dust,
And own thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye !
And save the souls condemn'd to die.
- 5 Then will we teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
We'll lead them to our Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise our pard'ning God.

41.

L.M.

- 1 GOD of our life, to thee we call,
Afflicted at thy feet we fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we lodge our deep complaint ;
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not thy word still pledg'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Then hear, O Lord ! our humble cry,
And bend on us a pitying eye—
To thee, their pray'r thy people make,
Hear us for our Redeemer's sake.

42.

C M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! God of grace
We all like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act,
Through all our lives abound,
Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 O spare us Lord ! in mercy spare !
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffer'd on the cross,
And man's transgression bore.
- 4 And grant O Father ! for his sake,
That we through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead
To thine eternal praise.

43.

L. M.

- 1 FORGIVE O Lord, our wand'rings past,
Henceforth we would obey thy call,
Our sins far from us we would cast,
And turn to thee devoutly all.
- 2 Hear us O God ! in mercy hear,
Our guilt with sorrow we deplore,
Shew pity Lord : dispel our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more.

44.

L. M.

- 1 OH! merciful Creator hear
Our pray'r to thee devoutly sent ;
Which poured forth with many a tear,
Up to thy mercy-seat is sent.
- 2 'Thou mildest searcher of the heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength ;
To us forgiving grace impart,
That we may seek thy face at length.
- 3 We all have sinn'd, we own our shame,
But spare us who our sins confess :
And for the glory of thy name,
To sinful souls afford redress.

45.

L.M.

- 1 CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumb'ers of the grave awake !
The temple's veil is rent in twain,
For Christ our sacrifice is slain !
- 2 The Mighty One, the Son of God !
Hath humbly kiss'd his Father's rod !
That by his stripes we might be heal'd,
Our pardon by his blood be seal'd !
- 3 We all like sheep have gone astray,
And turn'd aside from wisdom's way ;
But he hath sav'd us from our sin,
Our God the ransom lamb hath been.
- 4 Oh ! let us cast each sin away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay !
With contrite heart, and weeping eye,
Behold the Saviour's cross on high !
- 5 So may we join the song of love,
Which saints and angels sing above ;
All honour, glory, praise to thee—
The Lamb slain from eternity !

46.

P.M.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd !"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 "It is finish'd !" O what pleasure
These triumphant words afford !
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord,
 " It is finish'd !"
Saints, His dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew ye seraphs ;
Strike them to Immanuel's name ;
All on earth, and all in heav'n,
Join the triumph to proclaim,—
 " It is finish'd !"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

47.

P.M.

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn from him to watch and pray.
- 2 See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd :
See him meekly bearing all !
Love to man his soul sustain'd.
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view,
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on th' accursed tree :
"It is finish'd," hear him cry ;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid the breathless clay ;
Angels kept their vigils there :
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is ris'n ! He seeks the skies ;
Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

48.

C.M.

1 THOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb ;
We love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy sacred name,
To us can ever be :
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great *Melchizedek* !

2 The Saviour shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay !
Jesus, we'll sing thy blessed name,
When all things else decay.
When in the clouds thou dost appear
With all the ransom'd throng ;
'Then will we sing more loud more clear,
And Christ shall be our song.

49.

C. M.

- 1 FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood !
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or fam'd Siloam's flood.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And we would there, defil'd as he
Wash all our sins away.
- 3 Atoning Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God,
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 O then in nobler, sweeter songs,
We'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When these poor lisping stamm'ring tongues
Lie silent in the grave.

50.

C. M.

EASTER.

- 1 ALL hail the great Emmanuel's name !
Ye angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call !
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 3 Ye saints redeem'd, of Adam's race,
From sin and Satan's thrall ;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him—Lord of all.

51.

S.M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb !
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till our earthly hearts ;
Mount upward with our tongues,
Sing, till the love of sin departs
And grace inspires our songs.

- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ the eternal king.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come !
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

52.

C.M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name ;
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

F

- 2 He, who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Now high exalted for us pleads,
And with his Father intercedes.
- 3 He knows, for he hath borne the same,
The wants and frailty of our frame :
And though ascended far on high,
Still bends on earth a pitying eye.
- 4 Saviour with boldness to thy throne
We come to make our sorrows known ;
For mercy and for grace we plead,
To help us in the hour of need.

56.

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is giv'n ;
A name surpassing ev'ry name
That's known in earth or heav'n.
- 2 Before thy throne shall ev'ry knee
Bow down with one accord ;
Before thy throne shall ev'ry tongue
Confess that thou art Lord :
- 3 Oh may that mind in us be found,
Which shone so bright in thee !
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

- 4 May we to others stoop, and learn
To imitate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And dwell with thee above.

57.

P.M.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Paschal Lamb by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid :
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 4 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide :
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 5 There for sinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year ;
There for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

- 6 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

58.

C.M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
Full of a Saviour's love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

59.

S. M.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise :
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole :
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

60.

C. M.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys,
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 O Saviour ! shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great !
- 4 Come Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

61.

C. M.

- 1 OH Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down thy heav'nly light !
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.
- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
For Lord, thou know'st us frail ;
That neither Satan, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.
- 3 Far from us put our enemies,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
The best and truest gain.

- 4 Such measures of thy mighty grace,
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray :
That thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.

62.

L.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thy influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung ;
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.
- 3 Blest Comforter and heav'nly guide,
Still with the church of Christ abide ;
Still let our souls thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

63.

L.M.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !
Thou, the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
Ennoble with perpetual light,
The dullness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one ;
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may wake an endless song.

64.

C.M.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, eternal God !
Proceeding from above ;
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.
- 2 Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heav'nly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter,
In grief, and all distress ;
The heav'nly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express.

- 4 'Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
By these Christ's church doth stand ;
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.
- 5 According to thy promise Lord !
Pour out abundant grace ;
That, through thy help, God's praises may
Resound in every place.

65.

L.M.

- 1 COME gracious Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love thy way ;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
'That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road—
The narrow road which leads to God ;
Bring us to Christ the living way ;
Nor let us from him ever stray.
- 4 Lead us to God our only rest,
To be with him for ever blest :
Lead us to heav'n, that we may share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Te Deum Laudamus.

66. .

L.M.

- 1 WE praise, we worship thee, O God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r we sound abroad ;
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee, th' Eternal Father, own.
- 2 Loud Hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and Seraphim proclaim ;
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on high,
To thee continually cry ;—
- 3 “O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
Thou God of Hosts, by all ador'd !
Earth and the heav'ns are full of thee,
Thy light, thy pow'r, thy majesty !
- 4 The Apostle's glorious company,
The Prophet's goodly host, praise thee ;
The Martyrs' noble army all,
With the whole Church, before thee fall.
- 5 Triune Jehovah ! God Most High !
Father we praise thy majesty ;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore,
Creator, Saviour, Comforter !

67.

L.M.

- 1 FATHER of heav'n! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

68.

C.M.

- 1 GRANT us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might ;
That we of his beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight—
- 2 And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge thee,
Spirit of Father and of Son,
One God in persons three.
- 3 To God the Father laud and praise
And to his blessed Son ;
To God the Spirit, God of grace,
Co-equal, Three in One.

- 4 And pray we that our only Lord,
 Would still his spirit send
 On all that shall profess his name,
 From hence to the world's end.

69.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL pow'r, whose high abode
 Becomes the majesty of God,
 Infinite space beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee whilst the chief archangel sings,
 He veils his face beneath his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The great, the holy, and the high.
- 4 God is in heav'n, and man below,
 Still be our voice, our words be few ;
 A sacred rev'ence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Tibi silet laus, O Deus. Ps. lxxv. 1.

70.

7s.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high ;
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n,
 Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.

- 2 Hail, by all thy works ador'd !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
All thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.
- 3 Holy Spirit, thee we own ;
Thee O Christ, the only Son !
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.
- 4 Praise the name of God Most High ;
Praise him, all below the sky ;
Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

71.

C.M.

- 1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
By angels dimly seen ;
Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to men ?
- 2 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain ;
And high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.
- 3 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
Therefore we bless our gracious God,
And praise his glorious name.

- 4 Thee Holy Father we confess,
Thee, Holy Son, adore ;
Spirit of truth and holiness,
Thee worship evermore.
- 5 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord !
Whom one in three we know ;
By all thy heav'nly hosts ador'd,
By all thy church below.

72.

P.M.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join ;
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine !
- 2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify :
Spirit, Comforter divine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n ;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is chang'd for heav'n.

73.

C.M.

- 1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man,
Beyond archangels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know ?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight ;
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.
- 2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot number'd be ;
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity :
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line,
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our lab'ring thought to assign
Omnipotence a bound.
- 3 The brightness of thy glory leaves
Description far below ;
Nor man nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow.
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above ;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love.

74.

P.M.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above ;
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The sacred persons Three,
The Godhead only One ;
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails and love adores.

75.

P.M.

Luke xi. 25.

- 1 COME thou long expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free.
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Blest desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring ;
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

76.

C.M.

- 1 FATHER we long we thirst to see
The glory of thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever there
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 2 There all the heav'nly host are nigh
In shining ranks they move ;
They sing their Maker's praise, or fly
On messages of love.

- 3 There we would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While less than nothing we could boast,
And vanity confess.
- 4 The more thy glories strike our eyes,
The humbler we shall lie ;
Thus while we sink our joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

ALL SAINTS.

77.

C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me :
When shall our labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall our eyes thy heav'n-built walls,
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around the Saviour stand ;
And all we love in Christ below,
Shall join that glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem our happy home,
Our souls still long for thee ;
Then shall our labours have an end
When we thy joys shall see.

78.

7s. double.

Rev. vii. 11.

- 1 WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ;
These are they, who bore the cross,
Faithful to their master died—
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the crucified.
- 2 Out of great distress they came :
And their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of Christ—the Lamb,
They have wash'd as white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night ;
God doth dwell amongst his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their suff'rings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more :
No excessive heat they feel
From the Sun's director ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them for evermore shall feed ;
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead—
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply ;
God himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from ev'ry eye.

79.

C.M.

- 1 LET saints below in concert sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In heav'n and earth are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Saviour be thou our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Bid Jordan's narrow streams divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

80.

P.M.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy Members here,
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 Thou dost conduct thy people,
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation ;
 The world with sin and Satan
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 Ere death our conflict closes.
- 3 By faith we see the glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The world despise,
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heav'n.

81.

C.M.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, God of might,
The Comforter of all ;
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.
- 2 O Holy Spirit! guide aright
All preachers of thy word ;
That thou by them may'st cut down sin
With this thine own sharp sword.
- 3 Depart not from thy pastors, Lord,
But aid them at their need ;
Who break to us the bread of life
Whereon our souls may feed.
- 4 True faith in us O Lord, increase !
And let our love abound,
That we may live in holy peace
Beneath thy Gospel's sound.

82.

C.M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
What fill'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heav'nly bliss forego !
 For souls, which must for ever live
 In happiness or woe.
- 4 May all, this Jesus whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 Lord ! watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

FOR A DAY OF NATIONAL FASTING.

83.

P.M.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations !
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliv'rance rise.
 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
 Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,—
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 2 Though our sins, our heart confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesu's blood can cleanse from all ;
 Let that mercy veil transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface ;
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

84.

C.M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend ;
For on thy pard'ning grace alone,
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord !
Convert us by thy grace ;
Let ev'ry heart obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 4 Then Lord, though threaten'd and dismay'd
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

85.

C.M.

- 1 LORD ! look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r,
For this our guilty land.
- 2 Oh ! may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne ;
With tears our people's sins lament
Our fathers' and our own.

- 3 Great God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
 To us who trust in thee,
 Thy favour and defence afford,
 In our extremity.
- 4 Or if the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel the rod,
 Let faith and patience hold us fast
 To thee our chast'ning God.

HARVEST.

86.

7s.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise
 For the love that crowns our days!
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores our harvests yield.
- 2 All that spring with bounteous hand
 Scatter'd o'er our smiling land;
 All that fruitful autumn pours
 From its rich, o'erflowing stores.
- 3 These to that blest source we owe,
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
 These through all our happy days,
 Claim our cheerful songs of praise.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

87.

C.M.

- 1 THY throne O God in righteousness
 For ever shall endure,
 Now from that throne vouchsafe to bless
 The children of the poor.

- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share ;
Still make us while we dwell on earth
The children of thy care.
- 3 We praise thy name, that we are brought
To this thy holy place,
That we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.
- 4 O may the friends who love us here
Be blessed from above ;
And they and we in heav'n appear
The children of thy love.

88.

L.M.

- 1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there by viewless angels kept ;
Samuel, the child, securely slept
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
"Samuel" it call'd, and thrice it spoke.
He rose ; he ask'd, whence came the word ?
From Eli ? no :—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod.
Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.

- 4 Speak Lord ! and from our earliest days
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways.
 Thy wak'ning voice hath reach'd our ear,
 Speak Lord to us, thy servants hear.
- 5 And ye who know the Saviour's love,
 And richly all his mercies prove ;
 To us your friendly aid afford,
 That we may early serve the Lord.

89.

C.M.

- 1 TO thee, Almighty Lord, to thee
 Our infant voices rise ;
 Accept, O God, our feeble praise,
 And humble Sacrifice.
- 2 We glorify, we bless thy name,
 For all thy mercies giv'n ;
 But most for our Redeemer, sent
 'To point the way to heav'n.
- 3 O may we ever bless the God
 Whose mercies thus we prove,
 Who bids the infant tongue proclaim
 The wonders of his love.

90.

C.M.

- 1 OH! Saviour thine unfading pow'r,
 Beside the Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood ;

- 2 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear,
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy falter'd pray'r.
- 3 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders round,
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 4 So may our youth adore thy name !
 And Saviour, deign to bless
 With fost'ring grace the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

CHARITY SERMON.

91.

C.M.

- 1 SAVIOUR upon thy glorious throne,
 Exalted thou dost shine ;
 What can we render unto thee,
 When all the world's are thine ?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 Whose humble names thou wilt confess,
 Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd ;
 And in their accents of distress,
 The Saviour's voice is heard.

- 4 Thyself with gratitude and love,
We in thy poor would see ;
O let us joyfully return
What we receive from thee.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

92.

7s.

- 1 LORD of Hosts, to thee we raise,
Here a house of pray'r and praise ;
'Thou, thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed,
With thy word, the heav'nly bread ;
Here in hope of glory bless'd
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah,—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah,—hence ascend
Pray'r and praise till time shall end.

93.

C.M.

- 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive ;
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has bestow'd ;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,—
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

FUNERAL.

94.

C.M.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning giv'n ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heav'n.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
'Their bones are in the clay,
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And death descend in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come.
- 5 Turn, mortal turn, thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

95.

L.M.

- 1 OF F as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?
- 2 Then leaving all we lov'd below,
To God's tribunal we must go ;
Must hear the judge pronounce our fate,
And fix our everlasting state.
- 3 Lord Jesus ! help us now to flee,
And seek our hope alone in thee ;
Thy cleansing Spirit, Saviour give !
Subdue our sins, and let us live.

- 5 Then when the solemn bell we hear,
If sav'd from guilt, we need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

96.

C.M.

- 1 HARK! 'tis the bell with solemn toll,
That speaks the spirit's flight
From earth, to realms of endless day,
Or everlasting night.
- 2 "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
Sin's awful curse demands;
Oh well! if pure before the throne,
The soul accepted stands.
- 3 Oh well! for if uncleans'd from guilt,
Through Christ's atoning Blood,
With what dismay she now beholds
The presence of her God!
- 4 From sin the sting of death and hell,
From enmity to thee!
Extend thine own almighty arm,
Lord Jesus set us free.
- 5 So when the bell with solemn toll,
Shall speak our spirit's flight,
Angels their glad approach shall hail,
To realms of bliss and light.

97.

S.M. double.

- 1 AND are we born to die
To lay this body down?
And must our trembling spirits fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth we go,
What regions shall we see?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then our portion be.
We must from God be driv'n,
Or with our Saviour dwell,
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else—depart to hell.
- 3 O thou who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who died'st thyself our souls to save
From endless misery:
Show us the way to shun
The dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
We may with joy appear.

98.

L.M.

- 1 O LET us, heav'nly Lord, extend
Our view to life's approaching end :
What are our days ? a span their line ;
And what our age, compar'd with thine ?
- 2 Our life advancing to a close
While yet its earliest dawn it knows ;
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If thou its mortal doom decree.
- 4 God of our fathers ! here as they
We walk, the pilgrims of a day :
As transient guests, thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.
- 5 Spare us a little while. O spare !
And nature's failing strength repair ;
Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
We perish, and are seen no more.

99.

S.M. double.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :

Do thou our souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care
And stir us up to pray :

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down ;
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears ;
The solemn midnight cry—
Ye dead, the judge is come
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom :

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest !

100.

L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Praise God, &c.

101.

7s.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn :
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to man benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?—
 Salvation! oh Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinner's slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

102.

S. M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
 Who takes our sins away;
 See and adore his heav'nly love,
 And praise him day by day.

2 Be every valley high,
 Be every mountain low;
 The proud must stoop; the humble soul
 Shall his salvation know.

3 The heathen realms abroad
Shall join in sweet accord ;
And all the sons of men shall see
The glory of the Lord.

4 Jesus ! thou Lamb of God !
Our life and living Head !
Cleanse us in that atoning blood,
Thou hast for sinners shed.

103.

C.M.

1 FATHER we sing thy wondrous grace,
We bless the Saviour's name ;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 Oh ! may his praise from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

3 Let heaven and all that dwell on high,
To him their voices raise ;
While lands, and seas, and earth, and sky,
Unite to swell his praise.

104.

L.M.

1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his name with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 4 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

105.

P, M.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze ;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze.
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness !
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring :
Light, to lighten all the gentiles !
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone :
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is giv'n,
Speak the word ;—at thy command
Let the company of preachers,
Spread thy name from land to land :
Lord ! be with them
Always, to the end of time.

106.

L.M.

- 1 OH ! why should Israel's son's, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around ;
Disowned of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground.
- 2 O God of Israel, view their race !
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring.
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace ;
To hail, in Christ, their promised King !
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The severed olive branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied—to own,
The Lord he crucified—to love.
- 5 Haste glorious day, expected long;
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

107.

L.M.

- 1 OH! Lord of our Salvation take,
The souls we here present to thee;
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality.
- 2 Oh! sanctify this water, Lord,
To wash them from the stain of sin;
And each, according to thy word,
May thy good spirit cleanse within.
- 3 Received into the Saviour's fold,
Signed with the cross, the Saviour's sign;
Thy faith, oh! may they ever hold
And keep them, Jesu! ever thine.

108.

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let *these* little infants be
Baptised into thy death.

- 2 Oh let thy spirit on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew :
And write within each tender breast
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou should'st quickly end their days,
Their place with thee prepare ;
Or if thou lengthen out their race
Continue still thy care.
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

109.

C.M.

- 1 HEAR us Immanuel, from on high,
We wait to feel thy touch ;
Deep-wounded souls to thee draw nigh,
And Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less :
Be that far from thee, Lord !
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief ;
"Lord I believe !" with tears he cried,
" O help my unbelief !"

- 4 Like him with humble hope we come,
 And for thy help we pray ;
 O send us not despairing home,
 Send none unhealed away.

110.

C.M.

- 1 BEHOLD what condescending love,
 Jesus on earth displays ;
 To babes and sucklings he extends
 The riches of his grace.
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 To our forefathers given :
 Young children in his arms he takes,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 "Them suffer to draw near," he says,
 "Nor scorn their humble name,
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.
- 4 We bring them Lord, with thankful hearts,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine—
 Thine let our offspring be !

HOLY COMMUNION.

111.

L.M.

- 1 OH God ! and is thy table spread,
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow,
 Thither be all thy children led
 And let them all thy goodness know,

- 2 Hail sacred feast ! which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 O let thy table honoured be
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Nor let thy spreading glory rest
Till through the world thy truth hath run,
Till with this bread all men be blest
Who see the light or feel the sun.

112.

P.M.

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

113.

S.M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board :
Here pardoned sinners kneel and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath ;
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His glorious name to raise ;
Peace, love, and joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

114.

C.M.

1 LORD, are we brought so near to thee,
Who once at distance stood ;
And was this richest blessing bought,
By our Redeemer's blood.

2 Then let us join the heav'nly choir,
In blessing Christ our King ;
And may his grace who calls us here,
Teach us his praise to sing.

115.

7s.

1 BREAD of Heaven ! on thee we feed
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed,
With this true and living bread.

2 Lord of Heaven ! thy wounded side
Hath this blessed cup supplied ;
Pardon in thy cross we see,
May thy stripes our healing be.

- 3 Mighty Saviour ! risen Lord,
Day by day thy strength afford ;
Jesus, let us ever be,
Rooted, grafted, built, on thee.

116.

C.M.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust ;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead, before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie ;
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
And bring salvation nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair,
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great surety clear.
- 4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given ;
Soon shall thy faithful people change
Their wilderness for heaven.
- 5 With joy we taste the blessings now
Thy mercy sends us down,
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.

117.

C.M.

Ps. xviii.

- 1 O GOD my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence,
In my necessity.
- 2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The home of all my health.
- 3 When sore beset with pain and grief,
I prayed to God for grace ;
And he forthwith did hear my plaint,
Out of his holy place.
- 4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heav'ns most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast,
The darkness of the sky.
- 5 On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode !
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

118.

L. M.

Ps. xix.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine !"

119.

C.M.

Ps. xxiii.

- 1 THE God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed ;
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need.
- 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass,
In both I have the best.
- 3 Or if I stray he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode,
Well may I walk, nor fear ;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.
- 5 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days ;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

120.

S.M.

Ps. xxv.

- 1 MINE eyes and my desire,
Are ever to the Lord,
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

- 2 When shall the pardoning grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod.
- 3 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame ;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 4 With humble trust, I wait
To see thy face again ;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

121.

C.M.

Ps. xxxiv.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

122.

C. M.

Ps. xl.

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry ;
He saw me resting on his word
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue ;
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 3 We'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear ;
And sinners learn to make our God
Their only hope and fear.
- 4 How many are thy thoughts of love ;
Thy mercies Lord how great ;
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

123.

S. M.

Ps. lxiii.

- 1 O GOD, my soul athirst,
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find a place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 To thee we lift our hands,
And praise thee while we live ;
Our souls shall still be satisfied,
With what thy mercies give.
- 5 Since thou hast been our help,
To thee our spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence,
Our cheerful hope relies.

124.

P.M.

Ps. lxxxiv.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode, my heart aspires,
With true desires to see our God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length ;
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat of God our King ;
Lord hither bring our willing feet.

125.

C.M.

Ps. lxxxix

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's power ;
His promises sustain their hope,
In every trying hour.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

126.

7s.

Ps. xcii.

1 THOU, that sitt'st enthroned above,
Thou, in whom we live and move ;
Thou, that art Most Great, Most High,—
Lord from all eternity.

2 When the morning gilds the skies,
When the stars of evening rise ;
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !

3 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record !
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

127.

C.M.

Ps. xcix.

- 1 THE great Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns !
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name,
How terrible his praise ;
Justice and truth and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

128.

L.M.

Ps. c. Old Version.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep, he doth us take.

- 3 Oh enter then his gates with praise
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do :
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

129.

L.M.

Ps. c. Version III.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

130.

S.M.

Ps. ciii.

- 1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure—
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

131.

P.M.

From Ps. civ.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above ;
O gratefully sing his power and his love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, & girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
[form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

- 3 This earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power hath founded of old,
Hath'stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite!
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail:
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how sure to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

132.

L.M.

Ps. cvi

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless;
What mortal eloquence can raise,
His tribute of immortal praise.
- 3 Happy are they and only they,
Who from his judgements never stray,
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

133.

C. M.

Ps. cxix.

- 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still ;
Oh that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.
- 2 Oh send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

K

134.

P. M.

Ps. cl.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him,
Praise him angels in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord : for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ; for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim,
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

135.

P. M.

Ps. cl.

- 1 SING praises to God, in full harmony joining
Ye mortals below and ye seraphs above :
Thro' earth and thro' air let your accents
combining,
Extol the great acts of his power and his love.

- 2 Oh praise him aloud in the full sounding
measures,
That trumpets and organs symphonious in-
spire,
Let lutes lend their sweetness to these holy
pleasures,
And deeply devout be the strains of the lyre.
- 3 Be vocal ye mute ; to the Lord of creation,
In echoes your tribute of gratitude raise,
And all that have breath in sublime adora-
tion,
The breath that he gave you, employ in his
praise.

HYMNS.

136.

C. M.

- 1 O THOU whose favorable eye,
The contrite soul revives,
Holy and heavenly is the joy
Thy blessed presence gives.
- 2 Transgressors sunk in fatal sleep,
Can sin and yet rejoice !
Were they indeed the Saviours sheep,
They'd hear the Saviour's voice.
- 3 Ours be the humbling joy which frees,
The soul from satan's power ;
Which makes us thirst for holiness,
And hate our sins the more.

- 4 'Tis joy enough our All in All,
Low at thy feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let us lower fall,
And higher none can fly.

137.

C.M.

- 1 OUR Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above :
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew him not ;
Was with us, though unseen ;
His favours came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails ;
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope, that we shall be
Ere long with him above ;
That we shall there his glory see,
And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us while we dwell below
Obey our Father's voice ;
To all his will with meekness bow,
And in his name rejoice ;

138.

C.M.

"Thou God seest me." Gen. xvi. 13.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor idle word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that we have done,
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord at thy feet ashamed we lie,
Upward we dare not look;
Pardon our sins before we die
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
'That our Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out our stains
And answer for our guilt.
- 6 Oh! may we now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought!
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

139.

C.M.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
When in the confidence of prayer,
Their souls take hold on thee.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

140.

S.M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

- 2 How happy are our ears,
That hear that joyful sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 4 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

141.

C.M.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

- 3 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.
- 4 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

142.

L. M.

- 1 O GOD ! how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 Lord, may we yield to thy command,
To thee still consecrate our days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

143.

C. M.

- 1 ON thee O God of purity
We wait for hallowing grace :
None without holiness shall see,
The glories of thy face.

- 2 But as for us, with humble fear
We will approach thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.
- 3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer us to slide,
Point out the path before our face
O God be thou our guide.
- 4 Oh may we ne'er to evil yield
Depended from above,
And kept and covered with the shield,
Of thine almighty love.

144.

L.M.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
Sad truth were this to be our home,
But let this thought our spirit cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do :
Let not the world our rest appear
But let us haste from all below.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

- 4 Zion ! Jehovah is her strength,
 Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
 And weary travellers at length,
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 5 Oh blest abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest
 Had we the pinions of the dove,
 We'd fly to thee and be at rest.

145.

P.M.

- 1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created ;
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before :
 Prepare my soul to meet him.

146.

P.M

- 1 O heavenly King ! look down from above,
 And teach us to sing, thy mercy and love ;
 So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
 Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou ;
 Preserved by the word, we worship thee now,
 The bountiful giver, of all we enjoy,
 Our lives may we ever, in thy praises
 employ.

- 3 But Lord above all, thy kindness we praise,
 From sin and from thrall, which saves our
 lost race,
 Thy Son thou hast given, the world to
 redeem,
 And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in
 him.

147.

C.M.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious world around ;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! oh redeeming Lord,
 To thee the praise belongs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

- 4 Glory, honour, praise and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

148.

C.M.

- 1 MY hiding-place, my refuge tow'r,
And shield, art thou, O Lord !
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thine unerring word.
- 2 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
- 3 The sacred word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice which rolls the stars along
Spake all the promises.
- 4 My hiding-place, my refuge tower,
And shield, art thou, O Lord !
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thine unerring word.

149.

C.M.

- 1 OH God ! where'er we turn our eyes,
Above us, or below ;
The heavens, the earth, the sea, the skies,
Thy numerous glories show.

- 2 The rushing winds stand ready there
Thine orders to obey ;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 3 There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.
- 4 There the rough mountains of the deep,
Obey thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 5 Eternal Wisdom ! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy great name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

151.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of the soul,
To thy sheltering cross we fly ;
While the nearer waters roll—
While the tempest still is nigh ;
Hide us, O our Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past !
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive our souls at last !

L

- 2 Other refuge have we none,
Rest our helpless souls on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave us not alone :
Still our guard and comfort be ;
All our hope on thee is laid—
All our help from thee we bring ;
Cover the defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

152.

P.M.

- 1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :
Our Saviour's great praises, the angels
proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and
might ;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

153.

L. M.

- 1 ALL, all is vanity below,
An airy dream, an empty show ;
What sinners value we resign,
Lord ; 'tis enough that we are thine.
- 2 All, all is vanity below ;
But the bright world to which we go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall we wake and find thee there?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
We shall be near and like our God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

154.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the name high above all,
In earth, or air, or sky !
Angels and men adoring fall,
Before thy majesty.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
To scatter all their guilty fear,
And raise their hopes to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
The trembling captive frees ;
Pardon to guilty souls he speaks,
And to the weary, peace.
- 4 Oh ! that the world might taste and see,
The riches of thy grace,
Mercy and love are stored in thee,
For all our guilty race.

155.

7s.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come
to Zion with songs."

- 1 SERVANTS of the heavenly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your great Redeemer's praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod :
'They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Sing ye ransomed flock and blessed ;
Ye near Jesu's throne shall rest ;
'There your seat is now prepared,
'There your kingdom and reward.

- 4 Lord submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

156.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But darkening mists and shades arise,
And still our hopes remove ;
And doubts and fears veil from our eyes
The Canaan that we love.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

157.

7s.

- 1 OFT in sorrow, and in woe,
Onward, christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour,
Know ye not your captain's power ?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need,
- 5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
'Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

158.

L.M.

- 1 O ZION when we think on thee,
We long for pinions like the dove ;
And mourn to think that we should be
So distant from the land we love.

- 2 While here we walk on hostile ground
The few that we can call our friends,
Are like ourselves in fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 3 But yet we shall behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return ;
When all our griefs shall flee away,
And we no more again shall mourn.
- 4 The hope that such a day shall come,
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet ;
Tho' now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

159.

P.M.

Te Deum.

- 1 HOW can we adore, or worthily praise
Thy goodness and power, thou God of all
grace :
With honour and blessing, before thee we
fall,
Most humbly confessing Thee Father of all.
- 2 Thou Saviour ! art one with God the supreme,
His eternal Son, and equal with him :
Invested with glory, on high dost thou sit ;
While angels adore thee, and bow at thy feet.
- 3 Soon Lord will thy seat of Judgment appear,
Prepare us to meet thee joyfully there ;
The grace of thy spirit in us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit the kingdom of God.

160.

C.M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from guilt set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
Our great Redeemer's throne.
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life, nor death, can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love !

161.

L.M.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And day and night thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

- 3 Great sun of righteousness arise,
Bless the lost world with heavenly light :
Thy gospel makes the sinful wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven :
Lord cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

LITANY.

162.

7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR when in dust to thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies,
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh by all thy pains and woe,
(Suffered once for man below)
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power :
Turn, oh ! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boiling tears that flowed
O'er Salem's loved abode :
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold ;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 4 By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies,
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 5 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode,
Held in vain the rising God,
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen, to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

163.

P. M.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word cannot be broken :
Formed thee for his own abode :

On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose !
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear !
 For a glory and a covering
 Shewing that the Lord is near :
 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city,
 Thro' thy grace we members are,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 We will boast the name we bear !
 Fading is all this world's pleasure,
 All its empty pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

164.

7s.

1 LORD do thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart ;
 Let me as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility.

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Like unto a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix our souls on thee,
Every evil let us flee;
Only seek above, below,
Thee to serve, and thee to know.
- 4 O that all may seek and find,
Every good in Jesus joined;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore!

165.

C.M.

- 1 OUR souls lie cleaving to the dust,
Lord give us life we pray;
From vain desires and every lust,
O turn our eyes away!
- 2 We need the influence of thy grace,
To speed us on our way,
Lest we should loiter in our race,
Or turn our feet astray.
- 3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant us warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

- 4 Then shall we love thy gospel more,
Nor so forget thy word ;
Then shall we feel its blessed power,
To make us serve the Lord.

166.

C. M.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Each other's grace improve :
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

167.

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime ;
And from his own eternity,
Views the wide wastes of time.

M

- 2 The great Jehovah's ours,
 He bids his people cry,
 And to this everlasting rock
 In time of trouble fly.
- 3 Thy name, Lord, be our song,
 While life and breath are given;
 And thine increasing praise shall run,
 Through all the days of heaven.

168.

C.M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sovereign will denies;
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

169.

P.M.

"As Strangers and Pilgrims."

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrims through this barren land.
 We are weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold us with thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven
 Feed us till we want no more.

- 2 Open thou the living fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through :
 Strong Deliverer
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to thee.

170.

7s.

"He shall reign till all enemies shall be under his feet."

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God omnipotent shall reign :
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 4 He shall reign from pole to pole,
All shall own his sovereign sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 5 He shall reign—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all !

171.

C.M.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death
Overwhelmed by guilt and fear,
We see our Maker face to face,
Oh ! how shall we appear.
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought ;
Our heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand displayed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on our souls,
Oh ! how shall we appear ?
- 4 Lord thou hast told the troubled mind
Who doth his sins lament,
That his Redeemer's cross and blood
Shall endless woe prevent.

- 5 Then never shall our souls despair
Thy pardon to procure,
Who know thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

172.

L. M.

Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 COME weary souls, with sin distress;
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes,
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 3 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.
- 4 Oh Saviour, may thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh may it rule in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

173.

L. M.

John xvi. 23.

- 1 AND dost thou say, ask what thou wilt?
Lord, we would seize the gracious hour;
We pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and satan's power.

- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart ;
More of thine image let us bear ;
Set up thy throne in every heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give us to read our pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw our strength ;
'To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, we ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign ;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well, if we are thine.

174.

L.M.

- 1 OH God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
May every sun which sets still see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to thy stubborn foe.

- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise ;
 And unborn ages make the song
 The joy and tribute of their tongue.

175.

S. M.

Heb. ix. 13, 14.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the accursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 4 Believing we rejoice
 To see the curse remove :
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And praise his dying love.

176.

P. M.

Love as Brethren. Rom. xii 10.

- 1 WHO can tell how good and pleasant
 'Tis when brethren all agree ?
 Then it is the Lord is present ;
 Then he meets his family :
 When his children walk in love,
 Then their origin they prove.

- 2 Let the world dispute and cavil,
Brethren should abide in peace :
While to Zion's hill they travel,
Let them learn from strife to cease.
Pilgrims in the heavenly road,
Let them seek each other's good.
- 3 Christ has said it, "Love each other,
Thus the world my people know :
He that loveth not his brother,
Is a child of wrath or woe."
Brethren, let us think on this ;
Let us prove that we are his.

177.

P.M.

- 1 DAY of Judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing ;
Clothed in majesty divine ;
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour,
Own us in that day for thine.

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea.
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 From his face, prepare to flee.
 Careless sinner !
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near ye Blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow !
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know.

178.

S.M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep we have,
 A God to glorify ;
 Our never-dying souls to save,
 And fit them for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 Our calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all our powers engage
 To do our Master's will.
- 3 Arm us with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O thy servants, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

- 4 Help us to watch and pray,
And on thy help rely ;
Assured if we our trust betray,
We shall for ever die.

179.

S.M.

- 1 TO God the only wise
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face
With joy divinely great.
- 4 Then all his chosen seed,
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the guidance of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and pow'r belong ;
To him shall saints and angels raise
An everlasting song.

180.

L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O! may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may,
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 5 If wakeful in the night I lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let thy good angels, while I sleep,
Their watchful stations near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And save me from th' approach of ill.

- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

181.

L.M.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone ;
And soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone
In solemn silence, rest, my soul
Bend low before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

END OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

182.

P.M.

- 1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace,
Oh ! refresh us,
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound,
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

183.

P. M.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

184.

P. M.

- 1 ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing Lord! bestow,
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow :
 O Lord! the fruitful harvest raise,
 And Thine alone be all the praise.

N

185.

C.M.

- 1 NOW to the lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid,
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God ;
And we shall reign with Thee.
- 3 The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

186.

C.M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The tender plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

187.

P.M.

- 1 VISIT, Lord, thy habitation !
Breathe thy peace on all therein,
Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;
Peace, the seal of pardoned sin.
- 2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us !
Fix in every heart thy home :
In this sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come.

188.

L.M.

- 1 LORD now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came,
Grant us, our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless,
The Lord our strength and righteousness :
And grant us all to meet above
Where we shall better sing thy love.

189.

L. M.

- 1 CHRISTIANS ! Brethren ! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God to raise,
One closing song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians ! we here may meet no more
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain
Dear brethren, may we meet again.
- 3 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

190.

L. M.

- 1 HEAVEN is our promised purchased home
Where saints shall meet beyond the tomb ;
And, Oh, be this our constant care,
That we may meet together there.
- 2 No sin shall vex our souls again,
No grief is there, nor want, nor pain,
But all in that blest place above,
Is holy joy, and peace, and love.

191.

L.M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,
Which through thy grace we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up and bear abundant fruit !
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face,
Grant, Lord that we who worship here,
May all at length in heaven appear.

192.

L.M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty thou art good,
Oh cleanse us Lord in Jesu's blood
Give every troubled soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

193.

P.M.

Doxology.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end,
'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

N 2

194.

C.M.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Great God, remember me.
- 2 When on my fearful burden'd heart,
My sins press heavily ;
My pardon speak, thy peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 If strong temptations crowd my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
Oh give me strength Lord as my day,
For good remember me.
- 4 If torn with pain, disease, or grief,
This feeble body see,
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for thy loved name,
Shame and reproaches be.
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 6 And when at last I sink in death,
And meet thy just decree ;
Then Saviour mark my trembling breath,
And still remember me.

195.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

196.

L. M.

- 1 ASHAMED of Jesus ! can it be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, of that friend,
On whom our hopes of heaven depend,
No Lord be this our only shame,
That we no more revere thy name.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, yes we may
When we've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.
- 4 Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this our portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me.

196.

C.M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Shall still preserve me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name,
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it, to return no more.

- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again.

198.

6—8s.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly sooth, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou Saviour mark'st the tears I shed
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O! when I have safely past,
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day
And wipe the latest tear away.

199.

P.M.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
Then we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never suffer more.
Hallelujah ! &c. &c.

- 3 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King.
 Hallelujah, &c. &c.
- 4 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah, &c. &c.

200.

C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break,
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

201.

S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliverance there.
- 4 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

202.

C. M.

- 1 OH God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Oh God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

203.

C.M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed:

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

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